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Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"

MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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O'DONOVAN ROSSA, THE RIVAL OF ST. PATRICK.

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THE ROSSA REVOLUTION.

 DONOVAN ROSSA, the Irish patriot, may not be able to run a Bowery hotel, but he can manage a Revolution with vigor and originality. Hitherto it has seemed a prerequisite in matters of this kind that there be some courageous public leader and a vast upheaval of the populace. This theory is now exploded.

Mr. Rossa can have a Revolution all by himself.

He can do more. He can abet, further, precipitate, and create a mammoth popular uprising, without even taking part in it. He has a new view of the subject, knocking all preconceived notions into airy space.

Some curiosity may exist concerning the way Rossa manages a Revolution. It is really very simple. The way he conducts it offers so many advantages that hereafter a man may have his own private Revolution. Rossa rises in his majesty on the 17th of March, and tripping over the frontier to Canada, starts a struggle. When St. Patrick's day is over, Mr. Rossa returns, and further hostilities are suspended for a year. The practical working of this is very pretty. In the first place this annual Revolution gives the projector time to recuperate from the effort. It enables him to husband his contributions during 364 days, that he may spend them on the day assigned for the Revolution. Another advantage of the system is that this kind of Revolution can never be thoroughly crushed. For when St. Patrick's day is over, the Revolution is, and the soldiers must wait for another year. When that is over, Rossa, fresh as a daisy, again confronts them and dares them to do their worst. The worst they can do is to let him escape. This he does. This puts an end to the Revolution for the time being, and gives him another chance to recuperate.


The United States government spent \$3,000,000,000 recently to decide a sectional misunderstanding. Had it been fought out on the Rossa principle, probably \$2,999,999,998.50 of this would have been saved. For Jeff. Davis could annually have sung "Dixie" in the streets of Vicksburg and Mobile, and all the Southern Confederacy would have had to pay, would have been his traveling expenses and a song-book.

In like manner Ljubobralich, Justus Schwab, and all the Polish, Hungarian and Greek heroes might proceed. A Revolution-day might be assigned Sitting Bull, and another for the Mexican malcontents; two days would suffice for Venezuela, and a week, at the utmost, for Cuba and Hayti. The latter might take its days separately, but this would not be essential. The advantage of the Rossa system is that it is cheap and timely, we know when to expect it. Carry the affair a little further, and let the Rossa system be applied to individuals. Let the stern parient have his separate date for protest, let his wife do the same. Why, reader, this would save a world of trouble. Even in so ample a family as that of the late Brigham Young's, 155 days would be devoted to Revolution and 210 to peace and quiet. What Puck complains of

is that Rossa did not carry this theory into effect practically. For instance, he should not have chosen for his hopeful upheaval a time when he was wanted in New York for a judicial proceeding against him; he should not have gone all the way to Canada to revolt against England when he could do it equally well in New York; he should not have spent so much money on one day's relaxation.

A sensible revolutionist would have got twice as much carnage for the money expended. Besides, Rossa should have stayed the fight out. He left too abruptly. Ireland's freedom can, it is true, be secured by a Revolution once a year in Toronto. The British lion can be squelched and crushed with ease and comfort by this annual uprising. Through its instrumentality Ireland may again assume her place in the galaxy of nations. But we submit to all fair-minded and disinterested men that the whole day should be devoted to the purpose; and that Rossa cheated his compatriots when he curtailed them of their full legal quota of hours.

THE ALBANY SOLONS.

 HE rustic Solons from Cattaraugus, Schoharie, Herkimer, and other bucolic constituencies, are again engaged in their annual debate anent the apportionment of the State. This subject has come up regularly at every session during the past three years, and after engendering much warm dispute, its solution has invariably been postponed. The apportionment itself is a matter of supreme indifference to most people, and PUCK has no wish to enter into the controversy save in so far as it affects interests which are of primary public importance. Members of the Legislature are chosen on the basis of a census made every ten years. The Senators and Assemblymen now in authority in Albany represent the districts as they were formed in 1865. Since that time the increase of population has been mostly in the large cities. The present wrangle is simply the endeavor of the rustic representatives to keep in the ascendant, on the basis of the enumeration of thirteen years ago, which is combatted by the city representatives, who are strenuously urging a new apportionment that their districts may have the loudest voice in the State councils. The direct result of the discussion will be the replacing of a few Democrats by a few Republicans, or *vice versa*—a question of interest to politicians only. The indirect bearing of the question, however, is more widespread in its application. It is notorious that all the sumptuary laws (those which seek to restrain the liberty of the citizen and full enjoyment of his rights) are of rural enactment. All the prohibition legislation of previous years, all the so-called "temperance" and excise regulations, are imposed on the cities of the State by the country delegates. Our citizens are restive under these annoying and senseless attempts to fetter their conduct and prescribe their amusements. The reason why they are compelled to submit to these prohibition exactments is that they are only partly represented at Albany. A district, as for instance the Sixth Senatorial, embracing most of the eastern part of the town peopled by as intelligent, provident and peaceable inhabitants as are to be found anywhere in the State, have but a single representative, while a scantily peopled district somewhere in the interior has but half the population and double the representation. If the citizens of a State obey the laws they must have some voice in their enactment, and that they cannot do while rustic Solons dominate in Albany. Let the State be fairly apportioned, and then, and then only, will justice be secured.

Puckerings.

THE backbone of winter is civil-service-reformed.

SPRING is picking a shad-bone out of her throat.

If you take off your flannels now, you might as well dispose of them permanently. The angels rarely wear them.

THE suspicion is beginning to dawn on the public mind that the memory of Commodore Vanderbilt is not cherished by his descendants.

WINTER lingered in the lap of Spring

As if he meant to stop.

She found him getting chilly, mean old thing,
And let him drop.

NAY, my young friend, wouldst win the wise man's wreath?

Do not, with pedal quick,

Propel that sedentary hat. Beneath
It lies a brick.

No, do not brush off your back when the gentle youth in the street tells you to do so. Wait till you get home, and then you can take off your coat, and have the pleasure of reading the inscription yourself.

MRS. CADY STANTON, recently, refusing to be deterred by a severe storm, rode twenty-four miles to lecture in St. Charles, Minn. We have always counseled small cities like St. Charles to be careful about offending Mrs. Stanton.

THE housefly crawls out of his crack in the wall, and with wings still stiff and feeble, begins to practice flying at a mark. In another week he will be himself again, and able to hit a man's nose ninety-seven times out of every hundred.

WE do not mean that there should be any hidden significance attaching to the remark; but there is no such beautiful and artistic contrast in the whole chromatic gamut as that which a bit of blue ribbon makes against the golden amber of a schooner of lager.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON used to deposit money in a savings bank when young, and it is now recorded of his negro nurse (recently deceased) that "she always said he would die poor." This is creditable to the nurse. She should have mentioned it before, however.

MR. COX has established an evil precedent in the House of Representatives by continually making explanations to justify his conduct. If this example is followed, the consideration of all other business will have to be suspended. However, it is better to establish an evil precedent in the House of Representatives than an evil President in the Executive Mansion.

APROPPOS of April Fools' day, the scene in the life of Jesus, where he is sent from Pilate to Herod and back again, was represented in April, and may have given rise to the custom of sending people on bootless errands. This much is gleaned from classic lore, but no amount of research can show us who first conceived the device of hiding a brick in an old hat and getting a man to kick his toes off in celebration of the day.

JENKINS.

HERE appears to have been, of late, a bad outbreak of Jenkins. He has turned up, in various places, in an unusually virulent form; and we feel called upon to raise a voice of protestation. Now more than ever we wish to give vent to our disapprobation of Jenkins. He is at all times snobbish, and frequently indecent; but recently his performances have been characterized by an inexpressible triviality which is more offensive than any of his other peculiarities. He has become petty and insignificant, and ripe for a final squelching. Look at the extreme frivolousness of his announcements during the past fortnight. Last week he came forward to tell us that when Victor Hugo was in Guernsey, he used to wrap his butter in a cabbage leaf and fetch it himself. Now, if Jenkins has nothing better to tell us than that, he had best keep quiet. Why, we know, ourselves, two dozen ordinary, plain tramps, of the genus simplex, who do the same thing. We know one who wraps his butter in a burdock-leaf. We know some who go without butter entirely.

Then Jenkins gets on his legs to say that the Earl of Derby's suspenders are too long, and that he frays his trousers at the bottom. That's nothing. Our office-boy's left brace is tied up with a piece of string, and his cousin on the mother's side habitually sits down in lavender cassimeres with an alien patch of black diagonal.

What is there startling in the information that the Earl of Beaconsfield wears a silk hat a month, and never responds to salutations of "Dizzy" addressed to him by the street gamins? We wear a silk hat two years; and though frequently and publicly counseled by boot-blacks unknown to us, but familiar in manner, to "shoot it," we have always maintained, on this point, an attitude of dignified reserve.

Nor are we moved by the intelligence that "Tennyson's voice is like the roll of a church-organ." Talk about your church organs! What's a church organ to the voice of our foreman when he is short of copy? He is a double-barrelled orchestration, run by steam, and set to play only Wagner.

And it is scarcely worth while to record the fact that Buckstone, the comedian, "has a son who paints dogs." The man who lives next door to us has a son who dyed our Spitz poodle pink and tied a tomato-can to his tail. Yet nobody put that in the papers—no, nor the subsequent proceedings, when we got the youth into a quiet place. It is true that doubts have been thrown upon the young man's paternity, which has been by some attributed to a piece of artillery; but that does not alter the situation.

The fact is, Jenkins is fading out. He is driveling, so to speak. He has got so degraded, now that he has struck the bottom of the Earl of Derby's trousers, that he can't go any lower. We move that he be definitively squelched.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

(See Illustration on last page.)

THE Society of American Artists has opened its first exhibition at the Kurtz Gallery. This is a body of ambitious and artistic gentlemen and ladies, who were erstwhile sat down upon by another artistic body yclept the National Academy of Design. Feeling their aspirations crushed by this performance, the American Artists arose, shook off the National Academic os coccygis of their oppressors, planted themselves on the broad ground of American Artistic freedom, and hired a hall.

The Society of American Artists deserves

encouragement. It has taken a bold step and made a show of independence—a twenty-five cent show. This should be encouraged. It needs encouragement—needs it badly. The reverse is the case with the National Academy of Design. That institution is not in need of encouragement, and should get none.

It appears that there is to be a spirit of rivalry between the Society of American Artists and the National Academy of Design. Each is to strive to be better than the other. If this is the case, neither need work very hard.

On the last page our artist has reproduced, with some slight variations, a few of the most striking pictures on exhibition in the Kurtz Gallery. It has been his endeavor to accentuate the salient points of each work, by way of impressing them on the unobservant mind of the public. Our artist is strong on accentuating salient points. He makes a speciality of it.

Several of these pictures call for a word or two of kindly, appreciative notice. There is No. 15, for example, "Violets," by Miss Maria R. Oakey. It is a portrait of a young woman; a nice enough young woman, as young women of that style go; but Miss Oakey, with true artistic conscientiousness, has seen that for a \$300 picture she wasn't quite nice enough. So she has thrown in a hat, and some foliage. She has heaved these adjuncts in with liberality. The original title of the picture was "Young Woman." Subsequently it was changed to "Hat." This being obviously unfair to the foliage, the painting was finally designated as "Violets." But if the man who pays \$300 for it doesn't like that name, he can call it "Mucilage" or "Cerebral Hyperæmia." Either will answer quite as well.

Then there is No. 5,—"Landscape," by T. Frank Carrier. This is a remarkable work of art, and the shade of green it employs is extremely expensive. But no competent critic can approve of Mr Carrier's practice of rubbing down his picture with the blacking brush; before the paint is dry. It adds a certain wierdly mystic beauty, it is true; but it somehow seems to take off the keen nervous edge of the outlines.

No. 48 is by Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce. It is called "Egyptian Family Off Its Handle," and is erroneously labeled otherwise in the catalogue. It represents a highly-respectable Theban household, of excellent moral character, but of rather plebeian extraction. It is, however a family of elevated social aims, anxious to move in the best circles of Egyptian society, and keenly alive to the requirements of the position. The head of the house has been prevailed upon to buy a mummy. It has been represented to him that all "nice" families own one or more mummies, and that if he ever expects to see his daughter make a desirable marriage, he will get a mummy. He has finally yielded to the pleadings of his wife and children, and gives his consent. Filled with joy, they have ordered the mummy of a fashionable dealer, and it has come home too short. Too short! What a pathos there is in those simple words! Besides, it is lumpy about the legs. And you can not return a mummy. All their bright ambitious dreams are dispelled in an instant, and they sit them down in the front entry, and weep. The young man regarding his abdomen is the eldest son. Fondly had he hoped to flaunt his family mummy in the face of his gay companions. Alas! young Phtholomenesis of Karnac will still be able to see him and go him a family-tomb better. The other figure is the young man's mother. She also weeps. She gets in an incidental scratch; but she weeps. And in moments like this it is no consolation to have one's bangles fit too tight, and to be peaked at the elbows and baggy elsewhere. But all their tears will not add a cubit of sta-

ture to the cause of their disappointment; and the old gentleman says he has no more money to spend on any blame mummy; and do they take him for a blame old hieroglyph, anyway?

"Ausgespielt" is the touching title of No. 51. It shows us a young woman who has been making desperate efforts to be pre-Raphaelite, and who has signally failed. She has sat down before a pre-Raphaelite background, in a state of pre-Raphaelite nudity, with a feebly pre-Raphaelite bulrush in a pot by her side. She has the regular pre-Raphaelite trade-mark—she is in urgent want of a wash. She has procured a pre-Raphaelite musical instrument, and she has evidently made a dead set at the neo-pagan style. But somehow things have gone wrong. She has tried her best, but she has finally discovered that it is no use trying to play the fiddle with the left hand, and she has given the whole job up, and gone into an unpre-Raphaelite snooze. The visitor is respectfully requested to note the modesty of the artist, which has induced him to deprive the young woman of certain necessary portions of the ordinary female anatomy. It may be urged that this is nice to the point of nastiness; and that overprudent delicacy comes very near prurient dirt; but it must be explained that this is in accordance with the principles of American Art. The American Artist always paints with one eye on the Sunday-school.

Attention might be called to No. 54, "Bohemian Beggar (Streaky Variety) Listening to the Music of the Spheres;" and to No. 56, "Wounded Poacher Playing Thimble-Rig," which shows that wounded poachers are apt to be strong on head and handkerchief, and very weak in point of body—attention might be called to these works, were it not that Attention would be unlikely to thank the caller.

No. 55 is Mr. W. M. Chase's "Ready for the Ride." Our artist has not drawn it. He says it represents a young lady with her hat cocked on one side and her ruff awry; presumably in a state of intoxication. And he has too much respect for the sex, and also for a good square masculine drunk, to introduce any weak feminine imitations to the public. But our artist is mistaken. The young person is not inebriated. She is simply dyspeptic. Her diet is evidently bad. She eats heavy buckwheat cakes, and she probably sits up late at night and reads Augusta Evans's novels. That accounts for the look of her. It is to be hoped that her ride will do her good, and that she has not had the imprudence to venture out without putting on a chest-protector.

Mr. W. H. Hunt contributes No. 69, "Portrait of a Lady. (Unfinished.)" Mr. Hunt should not do things like this. If he isn't equal to finishing the portrait of a full-grown lady, let him begin small, on she-babies; and work up. A lady, unfinished, is not satisfactory, from any point of view.

"Portrait of Mlle. Emma Albani as Lucia" is the title of No. 81. Our artist has not produced this either. His reasons are self-evident. He does not wish to advertise Mlle. Albani's dressmaker, nor to libel Mlle. Albani herself.

"Lot's Wife," No. 113, is a statuette in marble. It is an attempt to popularize the Sun cure for consumption. It represents a young lady, on a wild rye whiskey spree, turning into rock-candy.

The few foregoing remarks have been made with the object of giving American Artists a lift. The hope may be expressed that they will appreciate the attention. If they do not, however, it would be no trouble whatever to the present critic to extend similar genial courtesies to a few more pictures.

H. C. BUNNER.

O'LEARY has walked away—with his English competitors.

THE SEQUEL TO MRS. HITCHCOCK'S FRI-DAY-NIGHT CHARADES.

THE creditors' meeting was called promptly at 10 o'clock, and at that hour the Register in Bankruptcy and most of the claimants had arrived. Smull proposed that a chairman be appointed, which motion Simkins seconded. The Register said quietly (but firmly) that this proceeding was unprecedented and was an interference with his prerogative. He was there to conduct the examination, and required those present to prove their claims. No directions to him were necessary. Smull thereupon subsided, but Simkins took the floor for an explanation. He said that he had seconded the motion under a misapprehension. He withdrew his action and argued that his motives in the matter were praiseworthy. It took him until 11:15 to set this fact plainly before the meeting.

The Register, at this point, remarked that Simkins had been wasting time, as no defense need be made on a point so clearly unparliamentary. Simkins said he did not look at the matter in that way. He volunteered a definition of his position. At this several creditors protested that 12 o'clock was their ordinary hour for luncheon, and that it was now about time to proceed to real business.

Thereupon they began proving their claims. The bankrupt debtor sat close by the Register and made no remarks.

The liabilities aggregated \$318,421.15, and the nominal assets, \$1,500,000. The real assets, however, comprised an unpaid Life Insurance policy, twelve trade-dollars and an eight-day stove, which was subject to three mortgages covering double its value.

The largest creditor had a claim for \$100,000, and two others had claims for \$60,000 and \$55,000 respectively. These claims were quickly proved; but when the names of Smull and Simkins were reached the trouble began. They refused to subscribe to the printed formula. It was now 1 o'clock, but Simkins was inexorable. "The proceeding," he said "is tainted with fraud. I would sooner cut off both my arms than be a party to it."

"But," said the \$60,000 creditor, "this is but a formality."

"In business there are no formalities," said Simkins grandiloquently.

A committee of five was appointed to wait upon him and implore him to affix his name and let the proceedings continue. At three o'clock they returned and reported that as a concession to the other creditors he had consented, but did so against his own judgment. Then Smull, who had gone asleep, arose and characterized the proceedings as irregular. He refused to sign his name. The Register explained that it was simply a formality to ascertain the extent of his claim, and would in no wise affect his status. He refused to pay any attention to it, and left the meeting. Simkins thereupon withdrew his consent to the use of his name, and asked that it be erased from the schedule. It was now five o'clock, and the meeting adjourned without having transacted any business whatever. Smull and Simkins stood on the side-walk until nearly seven arraigning the Register in Bankruptcy.

At ten next morning the creditors again assembled, but Smull could not be found. Simkins denounced the conduct of his colleagues, and agreed to have his name again restored, which was done with great difficulty over the erasure. A committee was meanwhile appointed to seek Smull. The proceedings were for the time discontinued, and the creditors gathered in groups about the room and talked over the situation. The voice of Simkins was heard shrill and high above the others, urging an un-

compromising course and tendering suggestions.

At a quarter to two the committee returned with Smull, who had been attending another bankruptcy meeting in Church Street. He expressed his regret at the delay and said:

"Hurry up, for I have two more meetings to go to to-day."

The committee had gained his acquiescence to the formality, and he said:

"I subscribe my name cheerfully."

Smull was in the rear part of the room, so busily engaged in an argument that he did not hear correctly. He thought Simkins had refused to add his name.

"Bravo," said Smull. "Well done. Take my name, too, off the list."

The Register pleaded that he had twice given his consent; that the continued erasures had worn the paper thin, and that they could never begin the real proceedings until the mere formalities were concluded. Smull said he could not give his definite answer before next morning, so an adjournment had to be voted at half-past four.

On the third day the creditors assembled at 10 o'clock as usual. Smull gave assent to the use of his name, and everyone was felicitating himself that the real business was about to begin, when it was discovered that Simkins was absent. Smull refused to go on without him, so an adjournment had to be voted until next morning.

At ten precisely on the fourth day the creditors met. All claims were proved, and the bankrupt proposed the following composition:

" $\frac{2}{3}$ OF A CENT ON A DOLLAR ON ALL CLAIMS."

The Register asked him what would be done about the eight-day stove. The bankrupt replied that it should be sold to satisfy the first, second and third mortgages upon it, and that the residue would be devoted to securing the five preferred creditors. Simkins made an audible calculation that the preferred creditors would fare worse than those unprotected.

After some delay the composition was about to be agreed to, when Smull arose and characterized the whole affair as a rascally proceeding.

"Are we to be robbed, cheated, pilfered and plundered, and then cast into the street?" he inquired. "Have American citizens and men of business no rights which *bankrupts*—ay, I repeat *BANKRUPTS*—are bound to respect? No, a thousand times, No! Never while I have life and strength to protest against the enormity, will I consent to so infamous and scoundrelly an imposition. Two-thirds of a cent on the dollar forsooth! Nine bankruptcy proceedings have I attended this week, but none so vile as this."

Simkins then arose and said that the question with him was not one of sordid interest, but of principle and conscience. "If I can expedite the business by resigning my entire claim, I am here ready and willing to do it. But Justice must be done. I will consent to no arrangement which hands over the eight-day stove to a parcel of preferred cormorants, to the detriment of rightful claimants."

"Well said," echoed a score of voices; "though he be the principal creditor, he would rather sacrifice his all, than have an injustice done."

Then a quiet little man with dark eyes, who had not before spoken, arose and said:

"I am the \$100,000 creditor. Let me inquire, Mr. Simkins, the full amount of your claim?"

Simkins said it was with him not a question of money, but of principle.

"But how much are you owed?" said the little man.

"My claim is for eighteen dollars and fifty cents," said Simkins.

"And yours?" said the little man, addressing Smull.

A titter arose. Said Smull:

"My connection with the affair is, that I was formerly employed as a salesman in the office of a firm having a \$60 claim here."

"Are you still employed there?" said the little man.

"No," said Simkins, "I left their service four years ago."

The proceedings were not further interrupted.

ERNEST HARVIER.

WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.

AND in this season the small boy thaweth out, as it were, and his spirit lightly turneth to thoughts of marbles. And he layeth in a stock of migs and likewise of blood alleys, and he possesseth himself of the side-walk, and he playeth for fair. And he skinneth his young companion, and utterly cleaneth him out. And I say unto you, verily that boy shall make his mark in the world, and also he shall fetch up at the faro-table.

In these days also the woman of the house taketh to small books with red edges, and to going to the house of prayer at strange hours. And the frequent but undesirable cod cumbereth the family table; and the parson is invited to dine once a week. And the father of the house taketh a light supper at the club nine times out of a possible nine, and occasionally he goeth out with Robinson and walloweth in the fleshpots of Delmonico; and the parson taketh his place at the table and receiveth his portion of the cod.

And at this time the average young man either weareth his ulster for his bronchitis's sake, or else he boldly shaketh it and hideth six vests and a chest-protector under a suit of last summer. For the moth hath done his perfect work on the spring overcoat of that young man, and he hath no shekels; nay, not even false money of silver, wherewith to buy another.

And now, moreover, the husband of the woman with five arms emergeth from his winter retirement, and entereth into treaty with the proprietor of the side-show. For the menagerie season is about to open, and the noise of the circus is heard in the land. And if the proprietor be obdurate in the matter of terms, the man will throw in his son-and-heir, who hath two heads and an extra leg, and his maiden aunt, who is of the Aztec persuasion and walketh habitually upon all-fours. Yea, the people's heart yearneth for those things which tend to elevate their aesthetics, and the Aztec fetches them every time.

This is also the season when the youthful Arab procureth a brick, and also an old hat; and he placeth the brick in the highway, and the hat upon the brick, that the unwary passer-by may kick at the hat, and thereby stub his toe against the brick, and cry out, and curse the day of his birth. And when he hath done this, he chuckleth merrily to himself, and sayeth: "ahi! aha!" and retireth to a secret corner, where he findeth a policeman, of the kind who hath been there, waiting for him. And the policeman taketh him in.

And in these days the thieves and robbers who have conspired together to bind the government of the people to make coins of base metal that shall be accounted of equal value with coins of gold, are come unto the treasury to demand their spoils. But the chief custodian of the treasury layeth his finger aside of his nose and maketh answer unto them: "Bring me then gold, and I will give you the worth thereof in base metal." And those men go apart, and beat upon their breasts, and cry unto their god; the name of whom is Dammizeyes. And this easeth them somewhat, but it in nowise bringeth forth the eight cents.

A DUEL IN ALSATIA.

SWORDS AT THIRTY PACES.

(Reported by Puck's Special Traveling Correspondent.)

(Continued.)

"RESPECT the traditions of my country," Monsieur Béranger continued with earnestness, "and it is for that reason that I honor the man between whom and myself there lies such a social chasm, by demanding his blood in retribution for the insult he has offered. Themis frowns upon her disciple who thus takes the law into his own hands—but Themis may frown. *Vive la France!*"

Boussage was perplexed, partially by the severity of Béranger's voice, and partially by his classical allusions, which were fraught with dread incomprehensibility. He didn't quite know which way to turn.

At last he said, with excessive fretfulness: "Now, look here, you lawyer, don't you think you can play any big notions about honor and things on me. I'm as good as a hungry attorney, any day. If you want to fight, I'll fight you, and with these things!" He doubled his fists, but turned his back on Monsieur Béranger before the latter caught sight of them.

But Boussage's logic availed nothing. The more he seemed disinclined to a contest with arms, the greater grew the lawyer's greed for gore. It seemed as though the warlike frenzy of the ancient Berserker had been enkindled in his veins. He planted himself at a little distance in front of the boor, and resting his hand proudly on his cane, scrutinized him from top to toe, with the most absolute and beautiful contempt imprinted on his proud face.

"Look at him; doesn't he look noble?" observed the lawyer's colleague, pointing to Béranger in pride, and directing the attention of the lookers-on to the challenging figure of the attorney. "Il a l'air du Maré-



chal de France." And then he added, as further praise, a comparison in French, which made the lawyer resemble President Thiers as he stood before Bismarck, "d — him," and said: "You want to take Alsatia, do you?—let's see you do it!" I don't give you the original phrasing, for obvious reasons.

He concluded his speech by observing ferociously: "This thing must be settled by force of arms!"

But even the colleague's fiery eloquence, which teemed with all those allusions calculated to inflame the latent passions of a Frenchman, was wasted on the plebeian Boussage.

"Oh, shut up with your nonsense," he said, turning his back upon the legal gentleman.



"Paysan est paysan," the colleague exclaimed with a sneer. "There's no use wasting words with such a thing!"

Boussage finally felt called upon to say something striking.

The worm, when it is trodden on, will turn, you know—not that it makes any difference to the person treading,—and so Boussage, when he felt himself under the heel of the attorney, squirmed and hissed:

"Oh, if I only had the sword Jean Baptiste fought the Cuirassiers with at Colmar, wouldn't I teach him a lesson!"

"Swords!" cried Jean Crepaud, as if stung suddenly by a wasp

"Sabres! *Si ces messieurs veulent attendre un moment!*" and then finishing his sentence with pantomime, he gasped an additional "*toute suite*" and disappeared.

For a few moments Monsieur Béranger and his colleague joined in consultation.

Boussage grew nervous. He didn't know how to act when he was left alone, and he dreaded the return of Jean Crepaud.

He was soon taken out of his suspense, however, for in an incredibly short space of time Crepaud returned almost out of breath, and flaunting two swords in the air, exclaimed triumphantly:

"Voici les sabres!"



Monsieur Béranger smiled voluminously. His colleague grew absolutely gleeful. Boussage stood scratching his head, inwardly wishing he had never been born.

The lawyer's friend hastened to Boussage's side, and with a taunting air observed:

"You wanted swords, did you? Well, here are swords; now fight, dang your eyes!" or words to that effect.

There was nothing left for Boussage to do but consent.

Now came the important question of seconds. What would an affair of honor be without seconds? Monsieur Béranger was easily provided for. Jean Crepaud and the colleague immediately offered themselves; but Boussage's case was not so simple.

Messieurs Schnepflé and Pimpernelle, the one a boot and shoe maker who did repairing at moderate rates, and the other a tailor with similar claims to patronage, were selected to do duty; but the proud office did not seem to lure them. Pimpernelle looked at Schnepflé and Schnepflé looked at Pimpernelle, and both shook their heads.

"I have to half-sole-and-heel a pair of shoes before night," said Schnepflé.

"What is a half-sole and a heel compared to a man's honor?" proudly demanded Jean Crepaud, with righteous indignation. And Schnepflé, who was not a man totally devoid of honorable instincts, was forced to concede the justice of Crepaud's sentiment. Finally Messieurs Pimpernelle and Schnepflé consented to act as seconds.

It was a festive sight—the departure of the assemblage for the battleground. Jean Crepaud led the way, holding the swords under his arm. He felt the peril of his position. In his mind's eye he saw already one or the other blade steeped in gore. (It may be stated parenthetically that, so far, neither one or the other was steeped in anything but rust.)

Following Crepaud came the attorney, with fire in his eye and courage in his heart. Then followed the spectators, marching in the silence that best befitted the awful hour.



It was a motley crowd. The village poultry, as the procession passed, held their heads up in the air with anxious looks of inquiry on their countenances. They had been born and bred in Alsatia, but never yet had they gazed on such a crowd.

(To be continued.)

TRIOLETS.

NATURE.

If the lily could speak*
 In words fraught with honey,
 Her words we should seek.
 If the lily could speak
 And tell tales unique,
 'Twould be rather funny
 If the lily could speak
 In words fraught with honey.

R. K. M.

POETRY.

I have faith in a rhyme
 Though it have little reason,
 For it "tells" every time;
 I have faith in a rhyme,
 It makes dull seem sublime
 When it comes in good season;
 I have faith in a rhyme
 Though it have little reason.

S. R.

POLITICS.

John Kelly's the Boss!
 Chief Sachem of Tammany,
 His gain is our loss.
 John Kelly's the Boss!
 I don't care a toss
 If you damn one or damn many,
 But damn Kelly the Boss—
 Chief Sachem of Tammany.

A. Z.

MUSIC.

Kellogg and Cary and Roze—
 Together they sing at the opera:
 To hear them the whole world goes—
 Kellogg and Cary and Roze.
 As *Siebel* Miss Cary wears hose:
 Miss Kellogg's attire is far properer—
 Kellogg and Cary and Roze;
 Together they sing at the opera.

J. B. M.

THE DRAMA.

There is no place on earth
 Half so sweet as a circus,
 Which to blisses gives birth;
 There is no place on earth
 Which, with madness and mirth,
 To such rapture can work us;
 There is no place on earth
 Half so sweet as a circus.

SILAS DRIFT.

ENVOY.

Oh, pull down your vest
 On this Triolet business—
 Kinder give us a rest.
 Yes, pull down your vest:
 It's no longer a jest—
 It's a metrical dizziness.
 Will you half-mast your vest
 On this Triolet business?

H. C. B.

* The burden of this was suggested by the first line of one of Boyesen's sonnets published in a recent Scribner. M.

JUDSON JONES'S DOUBLE.

JUDSON JONES was a mild-mannered young man. He lived a righteous life, unshaded by sorrows and hallowed by the consciousness of right-doing.

Besides he was a clerk at the ribbon counter of a country dry-goods store, and drew \$10 a week salary.

The employer of young Jones was his trusty friend and adviser as well. He boarded the paragon of the ribbon-counter at his house for \$5.25 a week. The money was deducted every Saturday night from his salary. This circumstance is cited simply to show that Jones was a good-paying boarder—the kind of man, in fact, to gladden the heart of a landlady in this era of trust and rehypothecation. So much did she appreciate the service, that she made Jones pretty little presents such as crimson pin-cushions, rubber-paper weights and a number of useless trinkets and tokens. Woman is by nature affectionate, and attentions of this kind are always pleasing. They were not markedly so to the employer of Jones, still he consoled himself with the \$5.25.

Jones himself led a blissful life. He served as a model of innocence for the entire neighborhood (which in the country is saying a good deal) and clergymen, school-teachers, employers and stern parents fondled the record of the young man, that they might point to it with pride as worthy of the amplest imitation. In this way the paragon became popular and distinguished. He was accepted as the embodiment of everything good in the vicinity. The reproving pedagogue would say to the backward urchin: "There goes Jones. He is a fit example for ye." The reply of the urchin was not usually recorded, but it partook of the nature of a regret at his own unworthiness and a warm sense of Jones's superiority.

In this way Jones thrived.

He was active and prominent in candy-pulls, church-fairs, strawberry-festivals, balls, masquerades and kindred diversions. The girls of the town—for by this name are the unmarried females of a country neighborhood known—took a fancy to Judson. They fondled the ribbon clerk. The other young men awakened to a realization of events, and approved Jones warmly. In the current language of the town, he had it "dead."

But how fleetly do bright visions of earthly happiness elude our grasp! The reader will respond perhaps that he has never experienced earthly happiness. Be that as it may, Jones's condition was blissful indeed.

One day a change came. He had sauntered towards the railway station with two young ladies, to see the incoming train. A Lothario alighted from the Pullman palace car. He was the double of Jones.

A counterfeit reproduction of the ribbon paragon in appearance. He struck first for a liquor saloon, where he assuaged his thirst.

"Yer a comin' round at last," said the barkeeper playfully. "Yer ain't no blue ribbon Murphy duffer."

"No, indeed," said Lothario, arranging his linen duster.

"Yer don't drink strawberries and tea!" said the barkeeper.

"Not by a long sight," said Lothario.

The barkeeper said something about there being some hope for the town yet, and charged the bill to Jones.

Lothario caught the drift of the situation. He was being mistaken for Jones. He availed himself trustfully of the circumstance.

Now, Lothario was not a paragon. He was a shiftless, dissolute, reckless sort of social adventurer. Jones was not aware of this. But he began soon to find it out. His troubles

dated from the advent of his linen-duster double.

Every form of dissipation, every manner of reckless adventure, was consummated by the "double" and charged to Jones. The latter then began to fall in the estimation of the townspeople, and to be sneered at contemptuously. No longer was he invited to the candy-pulls, to take moonlight-walks, or to personate Claude Melnotte at private theatricals. Pretty ladies did not inquire for him at the dry-goods store and exclaim: "I am so sorry he is away!" They shook, so as to speak, the paragon, and left him to his own devices. The guileless youth ceased to part his hair straight in the middle, and began to lead a life of solitude and seclusion.

At this Lothario branched out, and entered upon a round of new-found enjoyments. He published this:

"If the beautiful blonde who noticed the young man with a goatee and chin-whiskers in Main street yesterday, will send her name and post-office address to JONES, she will hear from an ardent admirer."

Incidentally the real Jones's employer saw this, and thenceforward there were no crimson-pink cushions or rubber paper-weights for the paragon. He locked himself in his room, and wept.

Then he dried his eyes with a three-ply cambric handkerchief from the store, and went in quest of his "double."

He found him at a fancy-dress ball. He arraigned him for his baseness. The linen-duster Lothario was adverse to being arraigned by the ribbon-paragon at a fancy-dress ball, so he called the assembled company around him and recited the story of his wrongs:

"That young man," said he, pointing to Jones, "has been the curse and blight of my life." Then he told of the dissipated habits of the dry-goodsman, and now he had been repeatedly taken for him. "And the wretch dares to assault me here!" he exclaimed in choking accents.

Jones had been reading the daily list of casualties, and concluded that it was about time for him to die. He took leave of the few friends who were still faithful to him, and sought the river-bank. There again was he confronted with his "double." Jones had some experience in the effectiveness of an ironical remark at times. So he said:

"I was about to drown myself. I should have sent you word, but I feared not to be on hand to acknowledge your kindness in coming."

Lothario removed his linen-duster and handed Jones a warrant for his arrest. "I have intercepted it in its way hither," he remarked.

Jones asked the nature of the charge against him. Lothario said it related to an unpaid bill of \$300. Jones led him to the brink of the canal, and where it was blackest and deepest threw Lothario in.

* * *

The foreman of the jury asked if the coroner had seen the linen-duster. He replied that he had not. "Then," said the foreman, "no trace of him remains?" "None whatever," said the coroner. "In that case," said the foreman, "we find a verdict of justifiable homicide." This case may be found in the Revised Statutes. But where Lothario may be found is not pertinent to the present inquiry. The moral to be deduced from this episode, is that it is not desirable to "double" a mild-mannered young man in a peaceful rural community, and that strangers looking to this masquerade as a form of pastime, will be apt to have their effects cared for by the public administrator. *

GIVE a sheriff enough rope and he'll hang the whole county at \$6 a head.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. LII.

CINCINNATI.



Ya-as, this town with such aw an extwaordinarwy name is some maw west. It is, I am told, a gweat place for pigs—although I'm not certain if the vegular inhabitants of the place come under this categorwy. I weally don't see how I can stand aw much maw west. One aw town is so awfully like anothah that it's dweadfully difficult to descwibe their wemarkable features, for the verwy simple weason that they haven't got any wemarkable features. One aw shop stwongly wesembles anothah aw shop—and, by the way aw, there always appear the same dwaper's shop in aw everwy city or aw town I've been obliged to look at since I've been in this blasted countwy. I'm afwaid I can't wite long letters about such aw things—as Jack verwy twuly wemarks, no fellow can make b-b-bwicks without stwaw. Curwious for Jack to say this, as I said nothing about aw bwicks, or stwaw either, for that mattah. There is a wespectable Amerwican hotel called the Gwand we're staying at aw he-ah, and there are two or thwee stwets with fair-looking wesidences which are not bad.

PATRONIZING PIETY.

WE are getting pretty well tired of this handmaid business. We don't care to hear any longer that Art, under proper restrictions, may be made of service in the cause of religious progress: that painting may serve the church militant, and the drama be made the hand-maiden of religion. The thing is getting wearisome.

Every now and then some small prelate, some minor bishop or tuppenny-hapenny exhorter gets up to make this statement to a congregation of devout worshippers who don't know a landscape by Turner from a chromo by Bierstadt; and who probably couldn't tell Solon Shingle from Othello.

The last man who has been trying to get a little cheap advertisement at the expense of the drama is the Bishop of Melbourne. He has been gravely considering the status of the theatre, has the Bishop of Melbourne, and trying to balance its sinfulness against the different iniquity of cricket-matches and spelling-bees. He has come to the conclusion that the Drama, if it makes a show of becoming humility, may be admitted to the lofty position of "the handmaid of religion and morality." Such is the enlightened deliverance of the Bishop of Melbourne.

This thing might as well be understood first as last. Art isn't anybody's handmaid. She isn't in the handmaid business at present; never was, and never will be. If religion and morality want a handmaid, they may go and get her in the regular way, by advertisement or out of an intelligence office. If they can't suit themselves, they may do their own chores. Art, dramatic, pictorial or literary, is going to do nobody's work. She is here on this earth by as good a right as any other institution, and she proposes to live and labor for her own personal behoof and benefit. She has no apologies to make for her existence, and she is perfectly capable of standing in her own independent brogans, and scratching for herself.

It is not obligatory upon the Bishop of Melbourne to go to the theatre. If he doesn't like the show they give him at Melbourne (not that

we particularly blame him for that, though,) he can stay away. Bishops never loomed up to much advantage in the box sheet of any theatre. He can go to his church fair, where they sell ten cent penwipers for a dollar, and throw in a free exhibition of attractive young women, if lofty morality is what he's after. But in any case, let him drop the handmaid line of argument.

That metaphor is played, and we take pleasure in giving this piece of information to the public. The requirements of Art are so intangible; her life is so unobtrusive, and her ways so quiet, that she too frequently forgets to assert herself and rebuke these exhibitions of clerical freshness. But there are times, and this is one of them, when it becomes the duty of Art to get up on her hind-legs, and refuse to be patted on the back, while she announces to the world at large her intention of minding her business, and insisting on a strictly reciprocal policy on the part of the general public, provincial and colonial bishops included.



DRAMATIC NOTES.

JOSH HART has come to the surface in Philadelphia.

THE Aquarium Chimpanzee will survive if they can keep PUCK away from him.

HOPE deferred and a benefit deferred have the same effect. It is recorded in the book of quotations.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" is to be given at the Fifth Avenue. It is apt to spring up anywhere and at any time.

"REMORSE" at the National. Wallace Grant as *Roscoe Conkling*—we mean *Clarendon*—is the significant announcement.

"OUR BACHELORS, the Exiles," are the current Broadway attractions. The Union Square has achieved a Celebrated Case of success.

EVANGELINE is again with us, and to the inquiry, "Where art thou, my beloved?" answer can be made: At the Grand Opera House for another week.

"SCHOOL," "Money," and "London Assurance," are being given this week at Wallack's. "Diplomacy," a combination of the three, will be the succeeding novelty.

THE fair Imogene is showing the Olympic patrons the true characteristics of *Gretchen*, the Shepherdess of Jura. We have warned our readers of her approach.

THE dramatic profession is composed largely of quasi actors who wish to make money, and quasi managers who wish to lose it. The latter class are in the ascendant just now.

A MAN who plays the Czar of Russia at a dramatic entertainment gets \$9 a week for it, but a bare-back rider at a circus receives \$400. Is it just, is it right, is it praiseworthy?

THE Count Bozenta has joined Mme. Modjeska. The Countess and the Boston critics are happy. A dinner at a palatial hotel avails exceedingly with the patrons of the drama.

MAGGIE MITCHELL is playing *Fanchon* at the Standard this week—a part intimately associated with her earliest triumphs, as well as with the moonlight shadow-dance and large houses.

THE "Remarkable History of Lispet," by Leonard Grover, will be given at the Bowery Theatre next week. It bears the same relation to genuine melodrama that "Our Boarding-House" does to comedy.

MISS KELLOGG, Miss Cary and Marie Rôze, the tuneful triumvirate, are drawing large audiences at Booth's Theatre. The time not occupied in singing is said to be employed in belligerent circus. Miss Kellogg thinks Miss Cary too mean for anything. Miss Cary thinks the same of Miss Kellogg, with obligato accompaniment; and Marie Rôze's opinion of the pair defies even the indignation of a trill. All of which only serves to extensively advertise the fact that opera is well sung every night in the week, the price of the best seats being two dollars each. If you don't like this construction, you can place any other on the matter you like.

GOETHE, the author of "Wilhelm Meister," had the reputation of being a contemplative man. But he probably never contemplated the existence of J. B. Runnion, of Chicago, or the circumstance that he would put his "Wilhelm Meister" into dramatic form and call it "Mignon." This may have emboldened Runnion to the deed, but it is no excuse for introducing Lord Dundreary into the German pastoral, or calling Miss Ida Jeffreys "an actress" on the bill. Runnion's work was withdrawn from the Standard on Saturday night, and there is now no reason why Goethe's birthday should not be celebrated this year as usual.

THE husband of George Elliot has been making a few remarks about the relative excellence of Charles Fechter's performances of *Hamlet* and *Othello*. His performance of *Othello* has no excellence, relative or otherwise. Concerning the other one Miss Elliot's husband is of opinion that "he played *Hamlet*, and gave a new and charming representation to a part in which no actor has been known to play badly." "Charming representation to a part" is good. If he had received a bill-board ticket to see Master Wood tackle the "melancholy Dane" at Booth's last week, he would not have said this.

Answers for the Anxious.

V. D.—D. U.!

JOSIE.—Mosey.

HASELTINE.—Didn't we tell you she would?

McVICKER.—So you want the "tall grasses to wave Over your lonely grave," do you? Now, look here, McV. We're not given to betting, as a rule; but we are willing to put up our basement ninety-two cents that you don't desire that consummation one quarter as ardently as we do.

S. G. S.—They went to the prison at night, and in spite of his cries and entreaties, they bound him hand and foot, and with the rope around his neck, dragged him a mile and a-half out of the city, where they hung him to the limb of a tree. And yet that man had only murdered two women with a hammer; and was born in Kentucky, and knew no better. He had never written such paragraphs as those you have sent us.

MAGA.—Certainly, George Washington was jimbber-jawed—properly spelled gimbal. But that was a freak of nature. But a man who writes on both sides of his paper is not a freak of nature. He is a corrupt product of an over-wrought civilization. And he lands in the waste-basket every time.

TEMPERANCE FOOL.

EXCISE
BILL

TOTAL
ABSTINENCE
TWADDLE

LABOR

GOLDEN
EGG

"THE FOOL'S REVENGE"

INTERNATIONAL
MONEY CONGRESS

AN APRIL FOOL
THIS MAN THINKS
90 CENTS ARE
EQUAL TO
100 CENTS

PUCK'S DESIGN FOR
A NEW BRITISH COAT
OF ARMS.

OUR NATIONAL FOOL.

J. Heppeler

FASHION'S FOOLS.

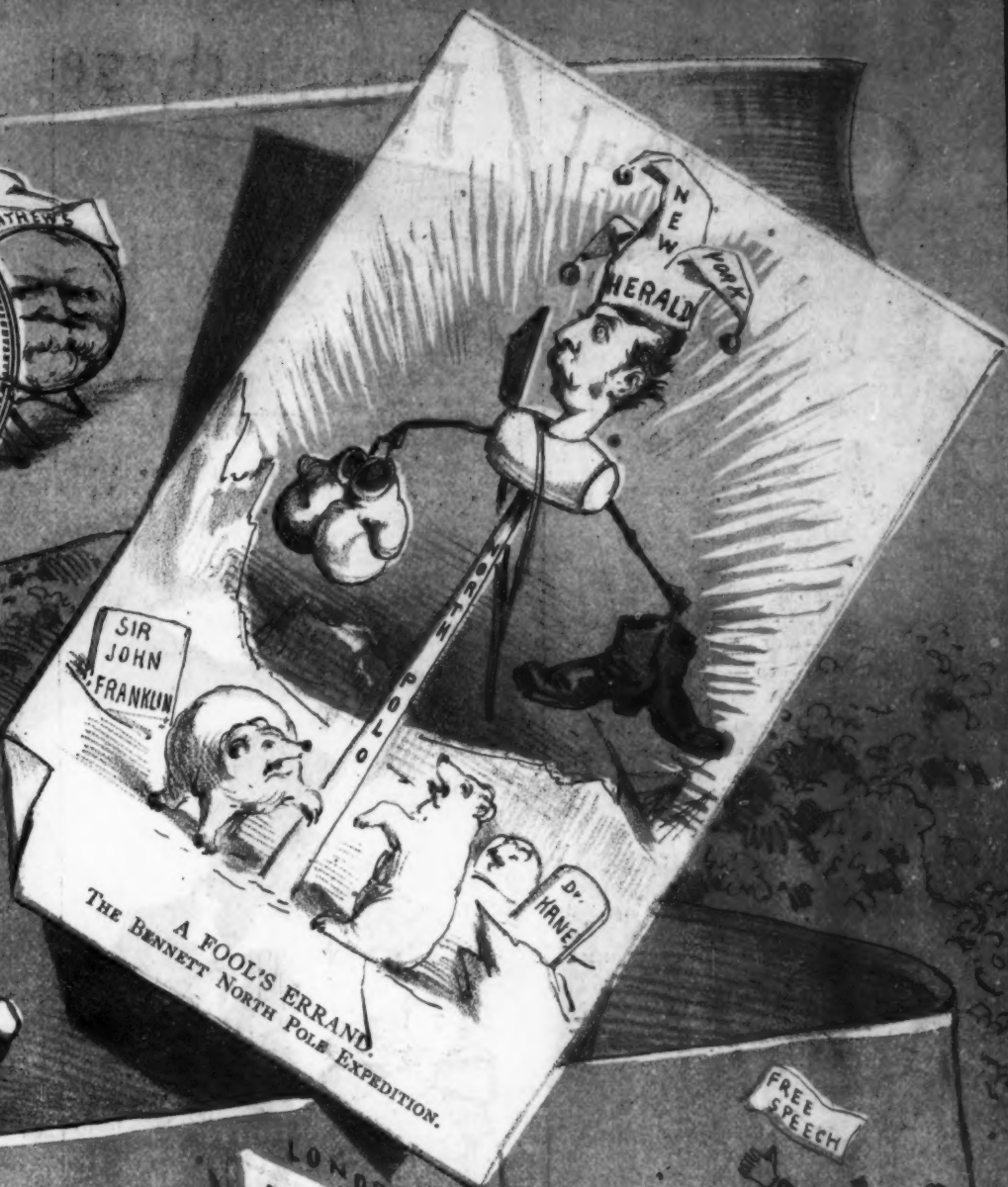
WE DEFY
COPERNICUS
and all SCIENCE
"THE SUN DOES
REVOLVE

A SCIENTIFIC

! SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.



A TRIO OF FOOLS.



A FOOL'S ERRAND.

THE BENNETT NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.



FREE SPEECH

LONDON SUNDAY MOB

"SABBATH FOOLS."



"BEWARE! HE'S FOOLING THEE."

LONDON ART GALLERY.
CLOSED ON SUNDAY



"THOU ART THE CAP-SHEAF OF ALL THE FOOLS ALIVE."
Shakspeare.

IN THE SPRING.

IN the Spring above the meadow twittering swallows
joyous flit,
In the Spring all nature's gilded with the loveliest
charms, to wit:

In the Spring the little bluebird sings within the maple-
tree,
In the Spring the cowslips peeping from the grasses dot
the lea,
In the Spring on twilight's cloudships coral draperies
repose,
In the Spring a livelier lustre on Melissa's bonnet glows.
In the Spring from flower to flower wander sportive
butterflies,
In the Spring the daisy blossoms and the hyacinth
likewise.
In the Spring within the woodland all the warblers gaily
flute,
In the Spring the old Muscova sits serenely on her fruit,
In the Spring the cressy brooklet with a lyric sweetness
flows,
In the Spring the fragrant zephyr shakes the dewdrop
from the rose.
In the Spring a tint of amber on the honeysuckle lies,
In the Spring soft opal cloudlets wanton in cerulean
skies.
In the Spring the sweet acacia, as per custom, tips and
tilts,
In the Spring the happy schoolboy walks around the
street on stilts.
In the Spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of
summer clothes,
In the Spring are other matters which most everybody
knows.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THAT SMALL BOY BOARDER
AND HIS LITTLE JOKE.

Says Mrs. Straight to her husband one morning: "If we *must* take boarders, my dear, we might as well begin on a small-boy, because, don't you see, we can economize on provisions. Surely a small-boy won't eat as much as a grown person. And there's your friend Mr. Johnson, he has an office-boy who doesn't live at home and——"



Mr. Straight takes a bird's-eye view of the small-boy boarder. A thought weighs on his

mind. He finally decides to give it utterance. "Young man," he asks earnestly and impressively, "have you much of a stomach?" "Me?" answers the small-boy with a snap, "Me? I've got a stomach like a little baby." Mr. Straight smiles contentedly, and the small-boy boarder moves in.



As Mr. and Mrs. Straight become impressed with the appetite of the small boy boarder they exchange significant glances.



Mr. and Mrs. Straight one morning bring in their youngest child, and Mr. Straight summons the small boy-boarder and says: "Young man, did you, or did you not tell me that you had a stomach like a little baby." And the small boy-boarder taking in the infant at a glance, answers very meekly: "That's about the size of it."

Which is where the small boy-boarder's little joke came in.

It is never to late to mend an ulster.

If Byron has any admirers living, they ought to protest against the use of his name in connection with a bankrupt sale of paper-collars in Chatham Street.

A FRAUD is traveling around the country pretending to fix roofs. He leaves them worse than he finds them.—*Ex.* He must be a very ingenious man.

THE widow Van Cott made reference to Bob Ingersoll as a "poor, barking dog." He responded in the following words: "My dear Madam—Did you make this remark as a Christian, or as a lady? Did you say these words to illustrate in some faint degree the refining influence upon women of the religion you preach? What would you think of me if I should retort, using your language, changing only the sex of the last word? I have the honor to remain yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL." When the letter was read to George Francis Train he threw aside a whole pint of peanuts and wept to think that the opportunity of replying had not fallen to him.

PUCK'S COMEDY-STORIES.

IV.

COURTSHIP WITH VARIATIONS.

Adapted from the French of H. DE BORNIER, by H. C. BUNNER.

[CONTINUED.]

ERNEST (*with promptitude and decision*).
I will not.

VIRGINIA (*surprised*).
What?

ERNEST.
I mean, I can't. I love you, and—

VIRGINIA.
Then I'll go back to Peekskill instant.

ERNEST.
You can't. I saw your coachman pass the window just this moment. He is undoubtedly gone to the tavern, which is half-a-mile down the road.

VIRGINIA.
Then, if I've got to stay, we'll settle this at once. I hate you. I detest you. I shall always continue to hate and detest you!

ERNEST.
Virginia—cousin!
VIRGINIA (*not at all modified*).
Don't come near me.

ERNEST.
But—
VIRGINIA.

No!
She arises, walks swiftly to the mirror, and removes her hat, which, being of the Gainsborough pattern, lends a rakish air to the wearer. Its removal enables her to look consistently languid, and she throws herself into a large arm-chair by the table and tries to pose for a martyr. The unfortunate ERNEST pauses in a moody promenade up and down the room, and turns to address her. Immediate resumption of hostilities.

ERNEST.
Look here, Virginia.

VIRGINIA.
I will not look there, sir. I am your victim. Don't speak to me. You've put me all out of sorts.

ERNEST.
You must hear me! My life is at your feet—
MRS. BERKELEY looks down at the tiny tip of her shoe, resting comfortably on a brioche, as if to verify the assertion. Her lover, however, refuses to take any notice of this small outrage, and proceeds.

I will make you the tenderest of husbands—
VIRGINIA (*starting to her feet, in horror*).
Husbands! The audacity of the wretch!

ERNEST.
Well, suppose—
VIRGINIA (*tragically pacing the room*).
Leave me, sir! I will bear this no longer.

ERNEST.
At least, pardon me if I—
VIRGINIA.
There's no *if* about it. You have. But I will not pardon you.

ERNEST (*immovable*).
What a fool I've been! Oh—there, there—I'm going. You see I'm going.
VIRGINIA (*unable to see anything of the sort*).
Then what are you stopping there for?

ERNEST (*frankly*).
To look at you. You are so deucedly pretty that way.

Upon this he prudently retires, just as MRS. BERKELEY returns to her arm-chair. Left alone, the young lady laughs quietly to herself for a moment, and then looks serious. Her cheeks flush, apparently with indignation, and she indulges in a brief and fragmentary soliloquy.

VIRGINIA.
The wretch! (*With satisfaction*) I did well to laugh at him. (*With a slight touch of compunction*) Perhaps I laughed a little too much.

(*With an air of judicial abstraction*) For, after all, he couldn't help it. (*Softening*) Poor Ernest. (*Quite melted*) Poor dear!

The door softly opens, and the head of the exile appears. This movement appears to be inopportune on his part, for as soon as his cousin perceives it her face clouds over again. The unwelcome youth enters, however, and advances to the fray. His reception is not encouraging.

VIRGINIA.

Ernest! You back?

ERNEST (*with resolute cheerfulness*).

Yes. You see. Come, don't be so tragic. I generally go when I'm bound—I mean, when I'm sent away. I went, when you told me to. I saw it was best. Anger sat enthroned upon your bang. I went out on the lawn, and I hadn't taken two steps before up flew a little bird—yes, a little bird! He flew first right, and then left, and then he whistled three times. If that wasn't an omen, I don't know what is. It is an omen. And in obedience to it I return.

VIRGINIA (*puzzled*).

But I don't understand—

ERNEST.

Oh, but I do. That little bird didn't whistle for nothing. He meant to say to me: "Look here, you're a nice sort of a fellow, to give it up like this! Because your cousin frowns and tells you to leave her when you say you love her, you quietly put on your hat and go! Bah! that's the kind of thing you must expect in love. Go back and begin again. Go on worse than ever. She expects you—"

VIRGINIA (*indignantly*).

She does not!

ERNEST (*undisturbed*).

I'm only telling you what the bird said. Talk to him. "Go back, old fellow," he went on, "and try it again." So I'm back. Charge it to the dicky-bird.

VIRGINIA.

And you think your bird and your impudence will have any effect on me?

ERNEST (*placidly*).

Can't say. Hope so.

VIRGINIA (*becoming nervous*).

Ernest! you'll drive me crazy—no, you won't—you'll make me cry. Oh, dear! Why, Ernest—just put yourself in my place.

ERNEST.

In your place?

VIRGINIA.

Yes—no, that is. I don't mean literally—that would be funny. Courtship with variations.

ERNEST (*meditatively*).

In your place!

VIRGINIA.

Well, yes! In my place. And then perhaps you'd find out, sir, that adoration may be torture to a woman. Of what do you suppose my heart is made, if you think I enjoy having you batter at its portal in this fashion?

ERNEST.

I suppose it's made of some pretty tough material.

VIRGINIA.

You do? Well, come, we'll see how you like it yourself. I'm going to convince you—this instant. It is I who will make love to you.

ERNEST.

Good joke.

VIRGINIA.

You think so, do you? Well, you'll see. I am going to pay court to you from now till sundown, without pity or remorse. You shall be the lady fair, and I the enamored knight. And take care of yourself, my lady!

ERNEST.

Good idea.

VIRGINIA.

Yes, but—one thing. I want to gain some substantial results by this operation.

ERNEST.

If you go about your business properly you'll gain me. I'm a pretty substantial result.

VIRGINIA.

Nonsense! But see—the game is to close at dinner-time—at six o'clock. And from that time to the end of my visit here, you are not to say one single word of love to me. Do you promise?

ERNEST.

Yes—unless—

VIRGINIA.

Unless?

ERNEST.

Unless you ask me to.

VIRGINIA (*with sarcastic merriment*).

I accept that condition. Unless I ask you to. Well, then—oh, one word more! You—

ERNEST.

Well?

VIRGINIA.

You won't take any unfair advantage of your position?

ERNEST.

Certainly not.

VIRGINIA.

I mean—don't introduce me to any type of lady that I haven't met before.

ERNEST (*emphatically*).

I won't. Don't be afraid. I'll take you for a model.

VIRGINIA.

Ladies don't pay compliments, sir! This won't do. We must have a forfeit. Every time you forget your rôle of lady fair, you shall pay me—let us see—what have you in your pockets?

ERNEST.

Here are ten silver dollars.

VIRGINIA.

Do you want them?

ERNEST.

No, glad to get rid of them.

VIRGINIA.

Well, then, each time that you forget yourself, you shall pay me one of these; proceeds to be devoted to the Home for Indigent and Venerable Females at Peekskill. I'm one of the directors. There are ten lady directors of the home, and some day we expect to get an Indigent and Venerable Female to put in it. So—these are your forfeits.

ERNEST.

All right. But what's sauce for an Indigent and Venerable Female is sauce for a young and lovely one. What are you to forfeit to me if you forget that you are a gentleman?

VIRGINIA.

Well, what? What do you suggest?

ERNEST.

Hm! Say—say, for instance, a kiss—

VIRGINIA (*energetically negative*).

No! no! no! no!

ERNEST.

Why not?

VIRGINIA.

Do you estimate a kiss from me at one dollar only?

ERNEST.

By no means. Its value is not to be estimated. I don't even attempt it. The dollar is merely a counter—an arbitrary representative of value. But if you are talking on a business basis, I know an old woman who could be induced to go to your Home. I'll throw her in. Does that satisfy you?

VIRGINIA.

No!

ERNEST.

All right then. The fight is declared off, and the treaty abrogated. I shall return to my labors.

VIRGINIA.

Oh, dear, no! I can't have that. And, anyway—there can't be any danger. I can rely on myself—on my skill, and my . . .

ERNEST.

Charms.

VIRGINIA.

A compliment! Pay me a forfeit.

ERNEST.

Time's not called yet.

VIRGINIA.

Never mind. I don't want to bankrupt you so soon. You'll lose your silver counters soon enough. But now—it's all understood, is it? The play is cast—we know our rôles? Then up goes the curtain (*she touches a bell on the table*). Now, then, let the company remember their cues (*rising and bowing to an imaginary public*). Ladies and gentlemen, "Courtship with Variations," comedy in one act, by a collaboration!

And she reseats herself. The exponent of the opposing rôle also takes a chair, and for a silent minute or two both appear to be absorbed in reflection. It is the truce before the battle. After another moment, ERNEST steals a sly glance at his antagonist, and surprises her in the act of doing the same thing. After this there is more silence, and considerable fidgeting in both chairs. At last VIRGINIA whispers to herself, by way of relief:

He's got to speak, some time or other.

He, however, does not seem to think so. Struck by a sudden idea, he reaches for the diminutive work-basket on the table, and placidly begins a wild travesty of crocheting. The owner of the basket looks on the ruin of her handiwork with some dissatisfaction, but does not venture to interfere. She once more takes refuge in soliloquy:

Ten counters—ten kisses—it's too much, by nine, at least. I've got to do something. Come, to work!

And with a desperate effort, she rises and marches up to the calm artist in crochet, who raises his eyes languidly and continues to tangle her worsted. She addresses him.

VIRGINIA.

Cousin, are you very clever?

ERNEST (*languidly crocheting*).

Ra-ather!

VIRGINIA.

Not exceptionally so, I suppose?

ERNEST.

Not more so than—(*his eye falls on his counters*)—most people.

VIRGINIA (*leaning over the back of his chair*).

Well, if you're clever at all, tell me why it is I am happy just at this very moment.

ERNEST (*femininely bored*).

Oh, dear! I'm sure I don't know.

VIRGINIA.

You don't! Well, I'll tell you. I'm happy because I have an opportunity of telling you that there are two things about you that I have always admired—your eyes.

ERNEST (*in a quiet aside*).

Guying, is she?

VIRGINIA.

Let me lift your hair off your forehead—so! Ah! you look well so. Fine forehead, well-arched brows—how is it I never noticed them before? Nose—straight. Greek type.

ERNEST.

These are what you call compliments, I suppose?

VIRGINIA.

I'm always particular in the matter of noses. Let's see. Chin—quite correct. Cheek-bones—not too high and not too low.

ERNEST.

Sounds like a description for the benefit of the police.

VIRGINIA.

And your hand—quite a lady's hand. Long and slender—and dimples, too; upon my word, dimples!

[To be continued.]

The Two Neighbors of Quimper.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

CHAPTER III.

A TEMPTATION.

FOUR years have passed since Jehan Kergrist wedded fair Françoise Nevez in the cathedral of St. Corentin. It had been a gay marriage, and the young couple had had the good will and hearty prayers of most Quimper folk. Jehan had not hitherto had an enemy in the town, but his marriage had at first cost him his dearest friend.

For six months Olivier Logonna disappeared from Quimper, and when he came back he was a changed man; he gave up all the pleasures to which he had been so much addicted, he never went into any company, nor was he often seen out of doors; he spent all his time in his counting-house, or in making journeys connected with his business. At first he shunned his old friend, but Jehan's frank cordiality broke down Olivier's coldness, and soon they were to be seen crossing the market-place together as usual, and frequently in one another's shops; on one point Olivier remained firm—he would not enter his friend's dwelling-house.

"I go nowhere," he said, and Jehan was obliged to accept the excuse.

He accepted it the more readily because Françoise had a strong dislike to Olivier. When she found out that Logonna had known of his friend's long-cherished love for her, she could not forgive his request to the Abbess for leave to wed her.

"You are well rid of such a friend," she said to her husband; "he cannot be honest."

"Hush, my child," Jehan had answered. "Olivier is one of the first and most highly honored merchants of Quimper."

And so he was—his business went on increasing and increasing, and people wondered why he did not marry, for, like Jehan, he was an only son, and had lost his parents early.

Jehan Kergrist's affairs had also prospered, and he had two rosy little sons so like him that Jean Picard often scolded Françoise, and asked her why she did not bestow some of her own good looks on her little ones.

But now, at the end of the four years, war broke out in Brittany; towns were taken and pillaged, and property was no longer safe.

Jehan sat in his counting-house, with an open letter in his hand. It was from England, and it held the offer of a profitable undertaking; indeed, the profits offered were so large that he scarcely felt justified in refusing the business. But yet he shrank from leaving his home at such an uncertain time of strife and bloodshed.

He would not tell Françoise—why should he lay on her his perplexity? There was no one to advise him; his old friend Picard had gone to Normandy to secure some property he held there. So Jehan had to keep his troubles to himself, and he went about all that day with an anxious face and a troubled spirit.

He met Olivier Logonna in the market-place, but he said nothing to him. He could not confide to this friend that which was still untold to Françoise.

In the evening, just as he was preparing, in the homely fashion of those days, to close his shop with his apprentice's help, he met Logonna on the door-step.

"I want you to come and see me, Jehan," Olivier smiled genially. "I have shut myself up too long—I mean to admit my friends again, and I will begin with you, the best friend I have."

Jehan hesitated; he knew that in their boyhood he had always told all his secrets to Oli-

vier, and had received none of his friend's in return; there seemed, too, a magnetic power in the silent Logonna which had always drawn his friend on to confidence, but he did not want to confide in him now. And yet if he told Françoise as soon as he came home, why should he not ask Olivier's opinion? He hesitated again. Would Françoise like him to go and spend an evening with the man she so shrank from?

"Thank you, my friend," he said; "I fear I cannot come."

"Then," Olivier looked very sad and downcast, "it is as I feared—you have never forgiven me, Jehan; all your kindness has been a sham."

He turned to go away, but Jehan caught his arm.

"Stay—I will come. I will tell Françoise not to wait for me."

Logonna stopped him.

"Do not say to your wife that you are coming to me; you can truly say you have business this evening, for it is business I want to talk with you."

Jehan looked unwilling—but he went back to speak to his wife.

Only the maid Gwen and the eldest boy were in the sitting-room.

"My mistress is upstairs with Conan," the girl said.

Jehan left a message for Françoise, and went back to his friend; he was not sorry to miss seeing his wife.

Since his marriage Jehan had added many comforts to his home, and he was greatly struck by the bareness of Olivier's room. The weather was cold, but there was no fire on the empty hearth; and it seemed to Kergrist that some of the ancient carved furniture he remembered had disappeared.

Logonna was very friendly, but as soon as they were seated he suddenly said—

"Now, Jehan, what ails you? have you made a bad bargain, or lost a cargo of merchandise? something is troubling you."

His dark eyes glowed as he fixed them on Jehan's face; the long and narrow gaze had the strange fascination of a serpent.

Jehan struggled; he tried to withdraw his eyes from Logonna's, but he could not, and without his will his tongue answered: "Yes, my friend, I have a trouble."

"Ah," Olivier sighed, but he kept silence; he trusted to his eyes more than to his tongue.

Kergrist grew restless under the long narrow gaze; he fidgeted and tried to look away. In vain; his eyes came back and settled with an increasing expression of trust on his friend's face.

"It seems selfish," he began, "to trouble you with my troubles; besides, I ought to be man enough to bear them myself."

"That is not the teaching we get in church," said Olivier; "the sermon of last Sunday told us to 'bear one another's burdens.'" He looked devout, and crossed himself, that his friend might see he was in earnest.

Jehan looked puzzled and touched. Olivier had never taken this tone with him before; it was rather the sort of reasoning he might have expected from Françoise.

"I will tell you my perplexity," he said at last; "your wits are sharper than mine, and you will help me to see what I should do." Olivier listened with fixed attention, but when Jehan spoke of the offer that had been made him, a fierce light shone in Logonna's eyes; he checked this, and forced his lips into a smile of congratulation.

"You would have to be absent for some time," he said.

"Yes," Jehan sighed, "there is my trouble; who can say what may happen to Quimper in two or three months, even in seven or eight

weeks, and I might be longer; am I right to risk so much for profit?"

Olivier closed his eyes till they looked like two black oblique lines. He sat thinking for a few moments.

"You say there is no time to lose," he said; "you must go at once or relinquish the affair; well, let us consider."

His heavy eyebrows met, and his lips closed tightly. For a moment he thought he would make Kergrist give up the enterprise, and snatch at it himself; but this could not be done secretly, and he must not lose his character in Quimper for fair dealing. Suddenly he looked up, his face aglow as he smiled brightly at his friend. "I have it, Jehan; you can do it safely. Sell your stock and your house—you will easily find a purchaser—convert all you have into money, and then you can go away happy."

"And my wife and children?" Jehan looked angry. Did Olivier then suppose that he cared more for his goods than he did for his family?

"Your wife and children will be safe with Jean Picard, and surely, Jehan, you will also rely on my devotion."

Kergrist looked unwilling, but he grasped his friend's outstretched hand. "And the money, what can I do with it? In such times as these, whose money is safe? I cannot leave it with Jean Picard, he is getting old."

"I will take charge of it," said Olivier. "I promise you that I will watch over it as carefully as if it were my own. Come, Jehan, trust my counsel; be at rest; a husband and a father has no right to lose such a splendid chance of doubling his fortune."

CHAPTER IV.

A TRAITOR.

A LITTLE way out of Quimper, beside the tree-shaded river, there was a pleasant many-gabled stone house, with a quaint round staircase tower at two of its corners. The wall that shut it in from the path beside the river was built of regular blocks of the same dark gray greenstone, and in front between this wall and the house itself was a pleasant strip of garden planted with quaint starry flowers and aromatic herbs. Behind the house, and on each side where the space was larger, were orchards with purple plums and rich brown pears ripening in the warm August sunshine.

Looking under the trees, you might have seen beyond them a plot of open ground, green and gold just now, with its crop of gourds and cabbages, over which a few butterflies still hovered, but over the herb-bed in front hung quite a colony of busy bees, filling the air with their soft humming.

There was a cheerful glow about the scene, and when presently two fat square-faced children, in long jackets and baggy breeches, came running out of the house, their merry faces and shrill outcries of joy seemed quite in keeping with the rest.

"Mother, mother," they cried joyfully, "there are more bees than ever to-day."

Françoise came out of the low round-headed doorway. She smiled at her children's words, but the smile faded at once from her pale face. She turned away and walked on till she reached the right-hand corner of the house, and then she went slowly into the orchard, her black dress and white cap in harmony with the green below and around her.

"Ah, my husband," she was saying to herself, "what can keep you from me?—a year to-morrow since you went away—what can it be?"

She had shrunk with a fear she could not give a reason for from her husband's undertaking; but Jean Picard loudly advocated it, and offered so heartily to take the young wife and children to his home beside the Odet, that

Françoise yielded when she saw that her husband really wished to go.

For the first two months she had from time to time received letters from Jehan; then the war had extended from the frontier to the north coast of Brittany, and all tidings ceased. At last came a letter by a traveling peddler, saying that Jehan had set out on his home journey; but this had come several months ago, and no news could be gained of him.

Old age was telling on Jean Picard; he had long ago given up business, but of late, since a slight illness, his health and mind had grown very feeble, and Françoise felt she could no longer rely on his judgment.

He had grown into a habit of consulting Olivier Logonna, and since he had become too feeble to go to Quimper, the rich young merchant came twice or thrice a week to the pleasant gray house beside the river, and sat for hours with Picard.

At first Françoise avoided meeting him, but one day, some time after Jehan's departure, he surprised her sitting with the old man.

Olivier was so humble, so deeply reverent in his manner, he spoke so lovingly of her husband and of his return, that when he went away Françoise rebuked herself for want of charity, and resolved to tolerate Monsieur Logonna's visits. Jean Picard counted the hours till he came again, and referred the most trifling matters to Olivier.

The months lagged heavily by without any tidings, and Logonna came oftener; Françoise was surprised one day at her own disappointment because he failed to come. She had few visitors, and it was a relief, after the childish babbling of the old man, to turn to some one with her anxious hopes and fears; besides this, she grew conscious of a strange power in those half-closed dark eyes that drew her irresistibly to confidence; and as Logonna walked beside her under the trees, watching the changes of her sweet loving face, he saw his power; his purpose strengthened—Françoise should be his, spite of all her present love for Jehan Kergrist.

To-day beside the Odet he was busy with thoughts of Françoise.

"My spies along the coast," he said, "are positive that Jehan has not landed; he is either in a French prison, or he has fallen in trying to pass the frontier; he may have suffered shipwreck, or he may have married an English wife."

He did not believe this last idea, but he tried to force it on himself, so that he might impress it more powerfully on Françoise. He loved her too ardently to be sure of his own influence.

"But even supposing the worst," he thought; "if Jehan comes back, he may have been plundered of his gains, and then—" he paused, a dark stern look, as if the shadow of some evil being were reflected in his face, changed him into a distorted likeness of himself; "and then," he went on with firm lips, "Jehan Kergrist is a beggar, and Françoise will shrink from beggary; her own money belongs to the children, she cannot touch it, and she has always been used to riches; her ways and habits are delicate and soft; she could not endure privation or discomfort. No—Jehan the beggar will not be welcome, and—but I am a fool to waste thought on that which is impossible. Jehan must not return."

He urged on his horse, and soon reached the gabled house of Jean Picard.

"I will be careful," he said to himself; "no word or look shall betray me till my time comes;" and after taking his horse to the stable, he stole softly into the orchard.

When he came in sight of Françoise he stood still gazing. He was keenly alive to things of beauty, and the tall graceful figure, with its

clasped hands and saddened face, made a picture of melancholy in vivid contrast to the glow all around, to the rich fruit smiling among the leaves overhead, and the golden light dancing in and out, flecking the golden starred grass under foot, to the gay cries of the unseen children, and the soothing hum of the bees; he felt compelled to stand and gaze. Françoise was pondering his influence. "What is it that compels me to listen to him?" she said; "I believe in him while he is near, and yet the instant he leaves me I shrink from him and his words."

All at once she looked round and saw him so standing, with an eager look of excitement on his face.

She gave a little cry and ran towards him.

"You bring me news," she cried; "oh, tell it quickly!"

Her heaving bosom, her lovely eyes swimming with uncontrolled emotion, showed him the hold Jehan yet possessed on her love.

He shook his head, with sorrow in his face and burning anger in his heart.

"I have no news that he is coming, my sweet friend. I have surmises, founded on my inquiries, it is true; but you will not listen to surmises."

She put her hand on his arm. "How do you mean? I will listen to anything that gives news of my husband."

Logonna turned away with a sad smile.

"Tell me," she went on; "I will know what you are hiding from me." Then she took her hand away and spoke more gently: "You must pardon me, Monsieur Logonna, but suspense makes me vehement and uncourteous."

She looked at him sweetly, he could scarcely restrain his love from showing itself.

"My friend,"—he kept his eyes on the ground—"you must pardon me if I give you pain. I have reason to think that Kergrist will not return; he is by this time doubtless the husband of another wife."

Françoise grew colorless, then she flushed to the edge of the matronly cap which hid her fair shining hair.

"It is a false tale," she said sternly, "and you are a false friend to repeat it."

"Pardon me," he hurried after her as she turned away, and he spoke eagerly; "you are very hard on Jehan. What can he do? if he marries and stays in England, he will be rich; if he comes back here, he is a beggar and he begs you also."

She stopped and looked at him with a scared face.

"A beggar!—that cannot be—he told me he left his money in safe charge in Quimper." She fixed her eyes earnestly on Olivier.

"That was his first intention. I had settled to take charge of the coin, and then at the last, he changed his mind and took it with him."

Françoise stood very still and was silent. "He could not be false to me," she said at last; "he was always true and honest."

"How patient, how trusting you are," Logonna sighed. "My heart aches to think how such constancy is rewarded; but indeed, dear lady, you waste it—you are certainly a free woman—either Kergrist is dead or he is false; he is dead to you either way; and yet because I only try to show you the truth, you say I am a false friend. I swore to Kergrist that I would watch over and protect you, and it is surely part of this duty to tell you the result of the inquiries I have caused to be made. I have no doubt that Kergrist is at this moment happy with his new wife."

She turned on him passionately.

"You have some purpose in saying this—why do you do it? Tell me that, too, and then I shall see whether I ought to hate you or believe you."

Her eyes glowed: she panted with excitement, and again she put her hand on his arm, as if to force the truth from him.

The pressure of her slender fingers maddened him.

"I have no motive," he said, with passion that equaled her own; "but I love you more than my life. Can you not feel, Françoise,"—he gathered her hands hungrily into his—"that you are more to me than life itself?"

She stood still, so shocked with surprise that she did not at once draw her hands from his burning clasp.

"What is any love you have known to mine?" he said ardently. "Can love that is fed by such love as yours compare with the fire of a heart that has been consuming itself all these years, its only nourishment regret? Oh, Françoise! give me at least a hope; do not drive me to despair."

She had drawn away her hands, and stood looking proudly at him.

"Monsieur Logonna, what you have just said I will try to forget; but you must not see me again."

Then she went swiftly round the angle of the house, and left him alone among the fruit-trees.

(To be concluded.)



Puck's Exchanges.

"ECONOMY is the road to wealth," and the way can be easily told by the tall grass which streaks its centre.—*Whitehall Times*.

SIMON CAMERON does not find the Arkansas Hot Springs as warm for him as the Widow Oliver made Washington.—*N.Y. Star*.

WINTER is not lingering in the lap of spring. This is not important, but valuable because of its truth and purity.—*Danbury News*.

An Englishman committed suicide because his wife was too good for him. The rest of us should be vaccinated at once.—*Danbury News*.

Down in Amsterdam they are inaugurating what they call "hug parties;" and everybody embraces the opportunity—and the girls.—*Syracuse Times*.

THE new dollar contains only 92 cents' worth of silver, but the man who tries to get one for less than 100 cents is liable to be laughed at.—*Boston Traveller*.

MRS. MONTAGUE has an unusually fine quality of clams for sale at her market on Second street.—*Not a joke, but a valuable piece of information from the Fulton Times*.

THE thin, pious man, who is continually groaning over the wickedness of this world, is more troubled with dyspepsia than blessed by religion.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

THE West can get up a lynching party in less than two minutes, and yet when George Francis Train goes there to lecture no one offers to molest him.—*Phil. Chronicle-Herald*.

DU CHAILLU mentions an African chief who had three hundred wives, yet it only cost him three cents a year to dress each one of them. This is not so very remarkable. We can pick out a man in our own town who has only one wife, and it doesn't cost him a cent a year to dress her. On the contrary, it costs her about one hundred and fifty dollars a year to dress him.—*Norr. Herald*.

DR. MARY WALKER is learning to handle her fists, and Roscoe Conkling is reported as being fond of boxing. Can't some one arrange a sparring-match between the two?—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

FOR the past few days the sun has been shining brightly in Philadelphia during the morning, but in the afternoon it leaves here and goes to Washington to get a stroke at Jim Blaine.—*Phil. Chronicle-Herald*.

By general consent the Republicans in Congress seem to have abandoned the administration to its fate—except when they want a friend appointed to office.—*Baltimore Gazette*.

IT wasn't until a Brooklyn youth had stabbed his girl that she found out that she loved him. Young man, if you are in love, here is an example for you.—*Phil. Chronicle-Herald*.

WHEN you go home to dinner and find nice roast-lamb on your end of the table, you wouldn't call it a lamb-and-table discovery, would you?—*They all do it, even the Norristown Herald*.

RANDE, the Illinois murderer, is assigned to the horse-collar department in the State prison at Joliet. Mistake. In the eternal fitness of things it ought to have been the halter department.—*N. Y. Mail*.

PHILADELPHIA has long been sneered at by the balance of the country, but now, by Heavens! she is about to be terribly avenged. This week she turns upon the world some 250 young doctors.—*Phil. Chronicle-Herald*.

AN "intelligent" auctioneer was selling a small marble statue, and when some one in the crowd asked him if it was sound he confidently replied that it was "as good as the day it came out of the foundry."—*Norristown Herald*.

A KANSAS judge has decided, inasmuch as the law considers a man and wife one, they are both entitled to admittance upon a ticket admitting "One." Should the Khedive of Egypt with his nine hundred wives visit Kansas, places of amusement there will be closed during his sojourn.—*Norristown Williams*.

A NEW YORK clergyman anxiously inquires, "Will heaven be crowded?" Considering the fact that the person who is morally sure of getting there has a soul only about the size of a warped bean, there is likely to be room for a large number of liberal-minded persons.—*Fulton Times*.

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To supply the demand for the above-named illustration, depicting the "Mormon's Empty Pillow," and owing to the fact that the edition of "PUCK" containing it has been entirely exhausted, the cartoon has been published as a single sheet, and can be obtained from any newsdealer in the country.

"PUCK" PUBLISHING CO.,
13 N. William Street, New York.

NOTICE.

The PUZZLE-PICTURE—Supplement in No. 53, issue of March 13th:

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND,
WHO DECIDES THE EUROPEAN QUESTION?
TO WHICH POWER MUST ALL THINGS YIELD?

has been published as a separate sheet, and is for sale by all newsdealers, and at the PUCK office, at FIVE CENTS PER COPY.

PUCK'S Pictorial Department

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

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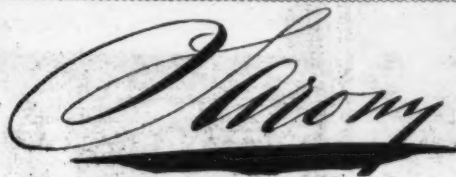
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